

## two halves of a whole by cheekaspbrak

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**Summary:**

Richie would give everything to Eddie, even if he never got anything back. Eddie just wants to thank him.

Prompt: The kissing prompts: 36! 36! 36! That's adorable 🐰💞

Starting with bunny kisses before moving on to soft kisses.

## two halves of a whole

### Author's Note:

- For [Lee\\_roy](#).

Oh gosh this one was fun, actually! What do you think?

“-that’s my *third* detention this semester, can you believe that?” Richie rambles as he and Eddie enter the front door of the Tozier residence.

“Yes, Richie, I can,” Eddie replies dryly, dropping his backpack by the door like he always does, kicking his shoes off there, too.

“What’s this about another detention?” Richie looks to his right, finding his dad peering at him over his reading glasses. *Oops*.

“I, uh, I was being too noisy during class-” Went sighs, closing his eyes against the new information. Richie swallows nervously, knowing that if his mother hears about this she’s sure to be upset, and that’s something Richie *hates*. When his mother is upset, she cries a lot, and Richie hates being responsible for making her cry.

“How about this?” Went starts, “I don’t want your mother to be upset any more than you do. So, I won’t tell her. *Unless* you get another detention in the next two weeks, then I’m going to make you tell her about both of them, and you’ll be grounded.”

Richie beams at him. He can totally pull that off. All he has to do is sit still in class for two weeks... *oh no*, maybe he can’t pull that off.

“Sure thing, Daddio!” Richie says anyway, because he’ll be damned if he won’t try.

“You’re screwed,” Eddie snickers, making Went laugh, too. Richie rolls his eyes at both of them, pulling on Eddie’s hand to lead him up the stairs to their room.

“Here it is!” Richie says after they get back to his room and he digs

through the new stuff he'd gotten over Christmas break, finding the item Eddie had come over to see. It's a brand new, shiny walkman with a gray stripe down the side, and Eddie has never had the chance to use one before. Richie had been borrowing his dad's since he first learned what a walkman is, so Went had finally given him one for Christmas. And the first thing he plans to do with it is let Eddie borrow it for as long as he wants.

"Cool!" Eddie says when he gets his hands on it, turning it over excitedly while Richie fishes the tapes out of his junk. "What tapes do you have?"

"My dad only bought me two for now." Richie smiles in response to Eddie's enthusiasm. When Eddie gets excited it's hard for Richie to slow down because his heart starts to race and he gets way too nervous. "The Smiths and The Cure. I hope you like those. Have you heard their music before? Who am I kidding, you'd have to live under a fucking rock to have never heard their music before, of course you-" Eddie snatches the tapes out of his hands and puts one into it. "Hey, wait, be careful with it! My dad will kill me if I break it right away!"

"Shut up, I'm not going to break it," Eddie sighs, cramming the headphones over his ears haphazardly. "So I just... hit..." Eddie clicks the button on the side and his face lights up like a Christmas tree when the music begins to play. "Cool," He breathes out, eyes locked on Richie's.

Richie wants to tear his eyes away, but he just can't. He's well aware that there's a huge smile taking up half of his face that looks *far* too fond watching his best friend borrow his walkman, but he just *can't* look away. Eddie is so easily impressed with the gadgets Richie has because his mom never lets him have any, and Richie feels on top of the world every time he gets to show Eddie something new. Most of the time he's annoying Eddie or pestering him nonstop, but in moments like these, Eddie looks at Richie like he's the best person in the universe. It's not often anyone looks at Richie like that. He's gangly and bug-eyed and buck-toothed and crass. Nobody really looks at Richie Tozier and thinks anything much other than 'Wow, *what a nerd*'. But sometimes, just *sometimes*, Eddie looks at him like he's the best nerd ever.

That look makes Richie's palms sweat and his heart race, and he knows exactly what that means. He *knows*. He carved their initials on the kissing bridge, for Christ's sake.

"Do you like it?" He asks, stupidly, because *obviously* Eddie likes it. But Eddie just nods, eyelashes fluttering. They both move to sit down on his bed, criss-cross applesauce and side by side. "Keep it for as long as you want," He tells him. He hadn't mentioned to him, yet, that letting Eddie borrow it had been his plan since the moment he unwrapped the gift.

"What? No, I can't. This is yours," Eddie protests, eyes wide. He pulls the headphones off of his ears at once.

"Mi walkman es su walkman." Richie puts the headphones back around his neck. "I'll just use it when I sneak into your room."

It's something Richie does often, ever since *the incident*. They both have nightmares, and when Richie's are especially bad he slips out of his house and into Eddie's bed. It's easier when he's not alone.

He's pretty sure his mom knows, at this point, and has chosen not to say anything. Eddie's mom, on the other hand, would give them an earful if she ever found out. That still doesn't keep him from doing it.

"Are you sure, Richie? What if my mom finds it and takes it?" Eddie looks equally apprehensive and excited.

"I'll steal it back from her," Richie says, but he finds that he really doesn't care if he ever sees it again. Just the thought of Eddie laying on his bed with his eyes closed, listening to whatever tape Richie gives him makes his heart feel full.

"Thanks, Rich." Eddie smiles somewhat bashfully, eyes looking down at the little machine in his hands. His brows furrow a little and Richie nearly has to physically hold himself back from kissing him right there, right between his eyebrows. He wonders what Eddie would think if he did do that. He likes to think Eddie wouldn't mind, that he'd smile a little or tease Richie playfully like he always does or maybe even kiss Richie on the lips. He thinks about it sometimes, when he's laying in bed, playing it over and over in his head until he

falls asleep.

But, even if Eddie did like boys, which seems basically *impossible*, why would he ever want to kiss Richie? Richie, with all his greasy forehead acne he has to cover with his bangs and the stupid braces he only has to have on for a *few* more months. Richie, with his big nose and big glasses that would probably get in the way.

He'd squish Eddie's cute little button nose and probably poke his eye out. They wouldn't fit together like two halves of a whole, they'd fit together like a square peg and a round hole.

But, gosh, does he want to kiss him. So he does what he can, grabbing at Eddie's wrists to pull him closer, saying '*Cute, cute, cute!*' before leaning in and giving him a half-assed bunny kiss, rubbing his nose back and forth until Eddie pushes him back gently. He only moves back a few inches, intruding Eddie's personal space, as usual.

"You're so weird," Eddie says, laughing. He peers up at Richie through chocolate brown eyelashes with an amused look on his face.

"*You're* so weird," Richie counters before leaning forward and rubbing his nose on his once more. Eddie doesn't move this time, though, instead he stays quiet and still. He doesn't giggle or bat Richie away, he just sits there, arms propping himself up on his knees. He's almost rigid, staring at Richie's eyes like he's seen a ghost. "What?" Richie stops, nose still pressed against Eddie's, feeling as nervous as he does when a teacher calls on him and he wasn't paying attention.

Eddie looks like he's about to answer, Richie can feel him swallow and take in a deep breath, but then he doesn't. Then, he does something much, *much* better. He moves just an inch or so and presses his lips against Richie's like it's as natural as breathing.

Richie is what one would describe as 'all bark, no bite', but right now he's no bark and no bite. His eyes grow *huge*, surely magnified to a comical size by his glasses. He has no idea what to do as Eddie's soft, sweet lips move against his, as Eddie's hands fly up to cup his cheeks.

Before he even has a chance to ponder it, Eddie is pulling back with a gasp.

"I'm so sorry, I shouldn't have-"

"No, no, no, no, no, no," Richie cries, grabbing Eddie's hands and pressing them back against his cheeks, "I liked that, don't say sorry. Kiss me again, please."

Eddie's face transforms from trembling to smirking, squeezing Richie's face between his palms and brushing his lips against Richie's own. "Are you sure?"

"Please," Richie pleads one more time, and he's immediately rewarded with a gentle, but simultaneously fierce kiss. Eddie's thumbs stroke at the delicate skin underneath his eyes, the tips of his fingers disappearing into Richie's unruly curls. He realizes with a start that he hasn't touched Eddie once sitting there like a limp noodle, which is incredibly uncharacteristic, so he wraps his hands around Eddie's slender wrists, thumbs stroking over the backs of his hands gingerly, thinking he might die if Eddie pulls away again.

But Eddie just keeps kissing him, pressing as close as he can get, and Richie has the fleeting thought that they actually fit together quite nicely, almost like they were made for each other, almost like there really is such a thing as soulmates.